THE
NATION

FEBRUARY 1, 1958 . . 25c

PROGRAM for a CRASH
by Carl Dreher

THE LOADED MISSILE DEBATE
by Frederic W. Collins

JOYCE AND HIS BROTHER
by Frank O'Connor

AUSTRALIA'S EXPLOSIVE NEIGHBOR
by C. P. Fitzgerald

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LETTERS

Kerouac vs. the Professor

Dear Sirs: I was interested to notice in your article by Dan Wakefield (issue of January 4) the second of two fairly malevolent attacks on Jack Kerouac, the writer who has been showing those who have a leftover life to kill that they can goof off instead with better results for the vital statistics.

It seems to me not well taken to compare a visiting professor of highway literature confronting an audience in his hitch-hiking togs with an English professor who ostensibly discusses what he feels instead of what he sees. It seems to me not exceedingly well taken to compare Kerouac unfavorably with this professor, when Kerouac ostensibly gave up a varsity football career at a major university because he felt it was trivial. Does Wakefield believe the faculty is more important than football in an *American* university?

It seems to me not well taken to compare this professor's taste for Greek philosophy with Kerouac's for narcotic and other visions, in view of Socrates' own debt to inner experience, let alone the Greek predilection for mysteries and other less dignified phenomena.

It seems to me dubious to point with pride to a poet who is making academic life his life—or is there some new tolerance for poets there? My poet friends tell me that this poet runs on three cylinders—teacups, small furry beasts and fountains—for his image stock.

I suspect that, as he admits, some of Wakefield's disgruntlement rests on the $1.25 charge for beer at the grogshop where Kerouac was appearing.

JOHN MONTGOMERY

Middlebury, Vermont

Psychosis Psychologicus

Dear Sirs: In regard to Samuel J. Beck's didactic homily to Kenneth Rexroth in your issue of January 11, Mr. Beck is all wet and Rexroth is all right on the *psychosis psychologicus*.

People who habitually write such obscene stuff as, "Our way of conducting research is to invite selected subjects to come to the Institute House for a period of two or three days, and there talk with members of our staff, participate in a series of experiments and psychological tests, and meet and interact with a number of other persons selected on a similar basis," (whew!) deserve to have their mouths washed out with soap and be walloped on the Monroe. That is all that Rexroth did. I would be more impressed with Mr. Beck's defense of careful observation if he had noted that Rexroth called Dr. Jones "a badly self-deluded thaumaturgist" for Jones's belief that he could change history by couching down Hitler, Stalin, et al. This is fatuous and megalomaniac (who does Jones think he is, Cleopatra?), and Rexroth's bark was not unmotivated. Certainly a man must be allowed to say, "Jung!" when he's got a mouthful.

Mr. Beck's dichotomy of the scientific and poetic modes of knowing is a bit too quaint and pat. Only his parochial, positivistic view of science permits him this elegance. There is much more to the intellectual contact with reality than detached voyeurism and descriptive analysis. Even some American psychologists are aware of the difference between knowing a concrete human person and knowing physical processes and abstractions. They do not all confuse "Thou" and "It." If it is yourself you are looking at with a scientific glass, Mr. Beck, it is not yourself you are looking at.

And let Mr. Beck stop kidding himself about the difference between the poet's and the academic psychologist's power of expression. The poet's advantage is not merely technical, a matter of "skill," like that of the advertising, publicity or propaganda writer. The difference is ontological, not merely psychological; a matter of grace, not of face. The poet says more because he is more, or becomes more. Why not admit it?

SEYMOUR CAIN

Waukegan, Illinois

Lewis Browne Biography

Dear Sirs:

The letters and a biography of the late author, Lewis Browne, are being prepared for publication. Should you have correspondence or any subject matter relating to the life of this author your material will be of vital importance in aiding this task. Such records will be kept in confidence and returned if requested. Address me at 3751 Northeast 29th Avenue, Portland 12, Oregon.

(MRS.) REBECCA BROWNE TARLOW

Portland, Oregon

Missing the Boat

Dear Sirs: The Rockefeller Report's 15,000 words are devoted to frightening us into concentrating more, sacrificing more and spending more on that arms race which has resulted in the creation of atomic bombs and thus put "all the nations of the world in dire peril." The report is not a plan. It is a panic reaction.

What really threatens all life is the use of atomic energy in weapons. Any nation possessing nuclear weapons will use them in any situation it chooses. The use of hydrogen bombs and new equally deadly biochemical weapons must be prevented. This can be done only by eradicating war.

EUNICE BURTON ARMSTRONG

Scarborough-on-Hudson, N.Y.

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The Nation, Feb. 1, 1958. Vol. 186, No. 5

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1958, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8. Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1958
VOLUME 186, NUMBER 5

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Mosquito Men

Every day it becomes clearer that the basic failure of the Eisenhower Administration consists in a failure of imagination. In the President, the American people have an immense asset: a leader of world-wide prestige, of universally-acknowledged good will, a man with a passion for peace. Yet what kind of ideas is he fed? What advice does he get? In his State of the Union message, he suggested the possibility of scientific cooperation between the U.S.A. and the USSR in the field of malaria control. A good suggestion; nothing wrong with it; but the control of mosquitoes and malaria must be seen in perspective.

As we go to press, a joint British-American scientific communique is expected on the feasibility of taming the hydrogen-bomb reaction. Every major power is engaged in substantial research, shrouded in secrecy, directed to this end. There is no doubt whatever that success would represent one of the most momentous victories in the history of science. If fusion reaction can be made to produce power, mankind's fuel problem will be forever solved and, with it, the problem of radioactive wastes. The British-American communique is expected to state merely that scientists in both countries now accept the fusion of hydrogen atoms as a practical possibility. A gigantic effort is needed to realize this goal; vast sums will be required; far-flung organizational activities must be articulated. "The nature of the problems being faced, the time it will no doubt take to solve them, and the importance of the goal to be won," Richard F. Post, the brilliant University of California physicist, writes in *Scientific American* (December, 1957), "are compelling reasons to hope for international cooperation in research." Why didn't the President invite world-wide cooperation to this great end? Malaria is one of mankind's scourges; its conquest is a worth-while goal. But to talk in terms of controlling malaria when the possibility of solving the world's fuel problem is imminent, is to ignore the kind of suggestion that might fire the imagination of people everywhere. To make matters worse, we act as though even our mosquito-malaria proposals were half-hearted, not to be taken too seriously. For example, it was only on January 18, as a kind of after-thought, that Mr. Dulles got around to naming a scientific adviser to the State Department after permitting the office to remain vacant for more than four years. It was only on the same day that he announced resumption of the practice of naming scientific attachés abroad, after permitting the program to lapse for two years.

What is lacking in Washington is not so much Presidential leadership as an imagination equal to the times.

Foster the Magician

On the eve of Mr. Dulles' appearance before the National Press Club, the clamor for his removal was never louder; even Alf Landon and the Kansas City *Star* had joined the hue and cry. Now there is an effort to make it appear that Mr. Dulles won a fresh vote of confidence by his brilliant performance on this occasion. "Dulles Stars At Bat," headlined *The New York Times*, "Dulles At His Best," echoed the New York *Herald Tribune*. By all reports, Foster the Magician was in fine form, producing rabbits out of his hat, cards out of his sleeve and birds out of his hair. But the applause was for the performance, not

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the act; the audience always applauds the prestidigitator when he turns in a skillful show. One of Mr. Dulles' dazzlers—designed to divert attention—took the form of a proposal to appoint "some kind of international commission" to study the problem of regulating outer space. On this we could negotiate with the Russians from now to eternity. Next came the slick device of hurriedly throwing out a palpable distortion and then racing on to other subjects before the audience senses the hoax. Owlish eyes blinking, the suggestion of a smile about his lips, the Secretary earnestly assured this audience—notoriously alert and hard to fool—that the Soviets had refused to carry out the agreement "reached in Geneva" on German reunification. But the Soviets, of course, did not agree to the reunification of Germany at Geneva; they agreed to consider reunification in the context of a general European security arrangement, which is quite another matter. Then came the trick of creating an illusion of truth by presenting a solid, substantial proposition minus the truth with which it should be matched or paired. Thus three bitter, biting paragraphs about the difficulty of negotiating with the Russians, but with no mention of the fact that the State Department has just concluded four months of successful negotiations with the Soviet Ambassador on cultural and scientific exchange missions. By all accounts, these negotiations were conducted with relative ease and dispatch.

Familiar as his tricks were, the Secretary's performance was first rate, and naturally the audience applauded. But the applause does not mean that Mr. Dulles is off the hook. On the contrary, popular pressure for top-level negotiations is mounting; the general agitation for new ideas, new initiatives, fresh programs has not subsided. Whether he knows it or not, time is closing in on the Secretary.

The Fatal Defect

One passage in Mr. Dulles' National Press Club speech merits special comment. "Perhaps the greatest weakness of the Soviet position," he said, "is that it does not seem able to disengage itself from the partition of Germany and the suppression of the independence of the nations of Eastern Europe." The nature of this weakness was not explained, but it is obvious enough. To the Russians, and for that matter the Czechs and the Poles, the specter of a reunited, rearmed Germany is frightening. One way of dispelling this fear, and also of encouraging the Russians to release their grip on East Germany and the satellites, would be to neutralize a reunited Germany within the framework of a security treaty. This is the essence of Mr. Kennan's present position. The solution of the problem of the satellites, he maintains, is dependent upon the solution of the German problem itself; and the German problem cannot be solved on the basis of a reunited, rearmed Germany allied to the West. In a word, Mr. Kennan is willing to help the Russians solve their dilemma by finding a safe way for them to disengage themselves from a partitioned Germany and the East European nations; Mr. Dulles is not. The Secretary wants to maintain cold-war pressures all along the line in the expectation that the Soviets will either surrender or collapse. This is not a policy; it is a fixed position. Mr. Dulles confidently expects—his confidence was voiced anew at the National Press Club—that the Soviet system will collapse from "a fatal defect," defined as its inability to win the hearts and minds of the younger generation.

Quite logically, therefore, Mr. Dulles does not intend to relax tensions if he can avoid it. With him it is not a question of whether the terms are favorable; negotiation on basic issues would be a mistake on any terms. You don't negotiate with an opponent who is suffering from "a fatal defect" and is certain to collapse—if not next week then within "a decade or a generation," as Mr. Dulles blithely puts it. Basically, this is also Mr. Acheson's position, as the liberal Democrats are beginning to discover to their embarrassment; in fact their problem, at the moment, is to "disengage" themselves from Mr. Acheson. "The fatal defect" in the Dulles-Acheson position, then, is just this: that it is based on an assumption which the experience of the last decade does not sustain.

Heritage of Darkness

The spectacle of self-censorship has about it some of the slapstick humor of a man fighting his way out of a paper bag. The current issue of *Intellectual Freedom,* a newsletter put out by the American Library Association, contains some rare examples of this misdirected frenzy: NBC and CBS, embarrassed by the word "darkie" in songs by Stephen Foster, will substitute a neutral term when broadcasting these classics, *except* that when the ditty in question is a state song, the original wording will stand; in the future, animated cartoons of "Three Blind Mice" will make it clear that the small rodents only *pretend* to be blind, and the cow who jumped over the moon will be shown without an udder (the kiddies will have to figure out for themselves where the milk comes from); the New York Public Library recently withdrew its name from a television show on the horrors of war, saying that, as a public institution, it could not participate in "sensitive areas."

These examples of social daintiness would make a horse laugh, but later in the pages of the bulletin comes related information of a bleaker sort. A national survey of 2,500 teenagers, recently completed by Purdue University, has been published as a book—*The American Teenager*, by H. H. Remmers and D. H. Radler (Bobbs-Merrill; $3.75). Among other expressions of opinion, it found that 60 per cent of present youth approves of

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censoring books, movies, television and radio; 40 per cent thinks that the concept of freedom of the press is unimportant; 25 per cent would permit search and seizure without a warrant.

We are not born with the love of freedom; we begin to learn it at our mother's knee (if the reader will permit this coarse, though pungent image), and we grow up to fight for it only if our elders have taught us that this is a fight we may never avoid. Children raised in dark submission will accept the dark as their heritage.

The Ghost of Basil Zaharoff

There is something indecent in the spectacle of the missile makers, representing companies up to 90 per cent dependent upon military contracts, pressing their wares upon Washington in public hearings. Do they truly speak for the national interest, or are their perceptions of the national peril heightened, perhaps, by certain venal considerations? But these are blunt men, these missile builders, cast in the great American "get-things-done" mold; and they would no more dream that others might doubt their motives than they would of doubting their own. They lay about them with the finesse of a Thor bursting in its launching pad. "Shoot 'em, drown 'em, put 'em in jail," says Roy T. Hurley, Curtiss-Wright, of government bureaucrats who delay contracts. Donald W. Douglas of Douglas Aircraft complains of the "time-consuming, agonizing process of waiting for official decisions." We wonder if the temper of either Mr. Hurley or Mr. Douglas would be improved if the Administration suddenly turned very efficient and—click, click, click, just like that—made decisions in favor of Lockheed Aircraft. Lawrence A. Hynald, of Hughes Aircraft, bemoans the fact that budget questions dictate the military programs. "I am willing," he says, "to pay whatever it takes." With cost-plus contracts, why not?

Elsewhere in this issue (see page 95), Frederic W. Collins raises the ghost of Basil Zaharoff in describing the "stacked" testimony taken by the Senate's Preparedness subcommittee. How different, this hearing, from the last major Congressional probe of the munitions industry, when the missile builder was the villain! All this is part of a world that is turning the corner toward madness, as Carl Dreher vividly demonstrates in his article beginning on page 91.

PROGRAM for a CRASH . . *by Carl Dreher*

AROUND THE TIME of the first World War, Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador to the United States, remarked that while insanity was comparatively rare among individuals, in the affairs of nations it was the rule. His own government was a shining example. But the after-effects of national *Grössenwahn* were still relatively benign, forty years ago. Even Hitler succeeded in murdering only some six million Jews, perhaps twenty million Russians, a paltry few hundred thousand Americans and Britons, and some miscellaneous millions here and there. The Fatherland was promptly rehabilitated, as after World War I, and once again principally at American expense. Thus the consequences of the *Furor Teutonicus*, and its patriotic equivalents in other lands, could be accounted easily bearable as late as 1945.

With the systematic application of modern science to weapons, those pleasant days are gone forever. Unable to afford warlike psychosis in the grand manner, the nations have been forced to substitute technological war for the real thing. Happily, no such compulsion in the general direction of reason has been imposed on internal policy. The official American doctrine has been that (1) we were in mortal danger from Sino-Soviet aggression; (2) we were invincible. In politics, Janus-faced premises of this type often yield useful results. This one provided up to $40 billion a year for armaments, which in turn stabilized the American economy while helping to keep the Russian standard of living at a level where American corporations could advertise that it took a Russian mechanic 1.37 hours to earn a loaf of bread, while an American mechanic required only 2.98 minutes. It also revived a political invention which some call a witch hunt and some call security, but which, by any name, offers a politician the surest and cheapest way to get himself re-elected, or elected to higher office.

When the sputniks shattered the second half of the proposition, the policy-makers were thrown back on the first as the sole remaining means to keep the citizens in a salutary state of admiration for the great military and business leaders who were keeping the totalitarian hordes more or less at bay, and to induce them to sacrifice for a continuation of this state of affairs. Many molders of public opinion declared that the sputniks were no less than a second Pearl Harbor. Those of the policy-makers who were also working politicians had the job of dredging up not only sacrifice, but votes. The Republican argument was that we were *nearly* invincible and could soon be really invincible once more, if we made up our minds to sacrifice real hard. The Democrats, on the other

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CARL DREHER spent many years as an engineer before he turned to writing. His latest book is Automation, *recently published by W. W. Norton.*

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hand, implied that the Republicans should have made us sacrifice hard in the first place, in which case we would of course never have lost our invincibility.

BE THAT AS IT may, the weaponry so far achieved requires only a mild degree of aberration on the part of the contenders. When things are put on a crash basis, as virtually everyone is agreed they must be, hardened political psychiatrists will turn pale, and, if they know a little engineering physics besides, burst into tears. A preview of what is in the works was given by Dr. Edward Teller before the Preparedness subcommittee of the Senate Armed Services Committee last December. The role of the "father of the hydrogen bomb" was that of the actor in a white laboratory coat, representing Science, who holds up the bottle of painkiller before the television audience. Not that it was the good doctor's purpose to soothe, quite the contrary; just the same he was selling a bill of goods. He began with some kind words for the Army, Navy and Air Force (he forgot the Marines), and then proceeded to tell the citizens that everything done so far was childlike and they must gird themselves for some real technological prodigies. Our radar-warning systems, for instance, reportedly built at a cost of $18 billion, are unable to detect missiles. They are, therefore, a mere stopgap. We must develop intermediate- and long-range missiles en masse and in haste, and in the meantime rely for our salvation on the Strategic Air Command, which can be seen on our radar scopes and also on the Russians'.

Then there is "passive defense." Blast we can't do much about, but we must construct shelters against fall-out and fire. We must equip everybody with radiation meters, store two years' supply of food out of range of probable targets (yet readily available to those who survive the blast, the fall-out and the conflagration). We must stockpile materials for rebuilding industry. We must disperse and strengthen our air and missile bases. We must plan and orbit space platforms. We must build submarines which can furnish stable but elusive submerged platforms for launching missiles — although unhappily most of the Soviet Union's seacoast, for the greater part of the year, is under ice rather than water. We must change the public's attitude toward eggheads. Of course we must continue testing nuclear bombs. We must explore our continental shelves for valuable minerals and vegetables, for the Russians will surely be exploring theirs, and, if we don't watch out, ours too. We must spend more on basic research. We must revamp our system of education. We must resume air-patrolling the Atlantic. We must control the weather. We must take big risks. And so on, within the limits of security; as to nuclear propulsion of rockets and aircraft, Dr. Teller declined to testify in open session.

"This is the most interesting two hours and a quarter that I have spent since I have been in the United States Senate," said Senator Leverett Saltonstall reverently. Probably also the most expensive.

IT WOULD BE rash for an outsider to criticize the proposals of a scientist with a Q-clearance, one to whom his adopted country, and indeed all mankind in the freedom-loving republics, monarchies and dictatorships, are so deeply indebted. Nevertheless there are certain principles of engineering and politics which Dr. Teller may be overlooking.

Shelters and passive defense generally are a case in point. The truth is that civil defense in the nuclear and missiles age is a joke (see Our Stupid Civil Defense by Gene Marine, *The Nation*, February 9, 1957). Evacuation has been given up: traffic hardly moves in New York City in the normal evening rush hour, even without an ICBM coming over in thirty minutes. (That's assuming we detect it as it leaves the launching pad.) There is no guarantee that shelters, which would cost between $10 billion and $50 billion, depending on which committee you are tuned in to, will work any better than evacuation.

The common man isn't crying for shelter. He acts as if he knew it's only a showcase war and nobody's going to drop anything on him. Contrasted with this apathy of the ordinary citizen, the real-estate interests have strong feelings in the matter. They are not encouraging hair-brained schemes for upsetting patterns of urban living, driving more business to the suburbs, and perhaps raising local taxes, since the federal government's tenderness for the rights of states and municipalities makes it unthinkable that it will stand the entire cost of such expensive appurtenances of modern living.

In short, there will be no shelters except the lobbies of existing buildings, subways, etc. But Dr. Teller shouldn't take this too hard, for the fact is that the Russians haven't done even that much, and seem to have no intention of doing anything whatsoever.

One of the few things Dr. Teller failed to recommend was the anti-missile missile, or contra-missile, or missile-killer. However, General Maxwell D. Taylor, seconded by the retiring Lieut. Gen. James M. Gavin, is an ardent supporter of this defensive weapon which, if it works, should achieve almost as much popularity as Elvis Presley or Alan Freed. General Taylor is willing to stake $6-7 billion on an experimental missile-killer program. Allowing for the depreciation of the dollar, this is about equal to the entire federal budget for 1931.

Although General Taylor was promptly slapped down by the Air Force, the missile-killer rose from

Our Complex Civilization

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its ashes and gives promise of becoming a fetish second only to the missile itself. James Reston wrote in *The New York Times* on January 5 that the No. 1 problem of American policy-makers was to honor their commitment to negotiate with the Russians, but "without risking the possibility of stopping the arms race at a point highly favorable to the Soviet Union." Specifically, this danger is that without testing we can't produce the missile-killer which, somebody has told Reston, is "in a promising state of development."

Again, I do not wish to argue with gentlemen so rich in classified information, judgment and the gift of tongue — although I never could figure out how Gavin, a first-rate paratrooper, got to be such a genius in research and development. But let us look at the problem from an old-fashioned, unsophisticated engineering standpoint, which may have some residual utility in that it differentiates between publicity and technology and doesn't try to launch everything at once. So viewed, the facts appear to be that the IRBM is already operational in the Soviet Union and will be operational in the United States in a year or two, while both these wellsprings of culture may achieve an operational ICBM in a matter of two years, quantities being unspecified. But the missile-killer isn't in the calculable engineering future. It may emerge from its chrysalis some bright morning, but don't rely on it. Its successful operation involves, among other things, getting early warning that a hostile missile is plunging down on the target, and due in ten to twenty-five minutes, at a speed which may be as high as 15,000 mph. That should be feasible, but then the complications begin. The flight path of the oncoming missile must be computed and the missile-killer projected in such fashion that the two will meet at a point where the resultant explosion will not destroy the target (or an alternative target) as surely as the missile alone would have done. All this must be worked out not merely for a single missile, but for a barrage of unknown number, for it cannot be assumed that the enemy will obligingly send over a single missile for test purposes, nor that he will shower us with nice, clean hydrogen warheads. Moreover, according to a conjecture by *Aviation Week*, it would require ten to twenty missile-killers to kill one ICBM. Multiple contra-missile installations would have to be spotted around industrial areas, and the proper ones to meet ICBMs arriving from any direction, more or less head-on, would have to be automatically pre-selected.

If all this is in a "promising state of development" when we have not yet learned to orbit satellites and our

ability to launch long-range missiles still leaves much to be desired, strange things indeed are happening behind the security curtain. Appropriately enough, the Air Force has named its missile-killer (co-conceived by Convair and RCA) the "Wizard." It will have to be just that to accomplish its mission.

MISSILES AND contra-missiles are, of course, only one lap in an endless race. If we survive missiles, the "conquest of space" will become just as imperative as missiles seem now. Among the experts on space are the members of the Democratic Advisory Council, which warned: "Let us not fail to understand that the control of outer space would be a military fact of the highest importance." Senator Lyndon Johnson, the Presidential hopeful from Texas and Dr. Teller's sponsor, pictured the United States in grave peril from recent advances in rocket and space science, with "the apparent aim," in the words of *The New York Times*, "to set a tone of crisis and urgency" for the second session of the Eighty-fifth Congress.

In this aim the Senator was undoubtedly successful, but he never made it clear where inner space ends and outer space begins, much less where outer space ends. It is certain that there is a good deal of space up there. The space between the earth and the moon may not be inner, but neither is it very outer. Gravitationally and spatially, moon and earth are a pitiable pair of celestial dwarfs, one even more puny than the other. Yet a sphere with a radius equal to the distance between the earth and the moon contains roughly 50,000,000,000,000,000, or 50 quadrillion, cubic miles. In this sizable volume a few hundred space platforms would not crowd one another, and even when somebody puts up the first space platform his title to space will remain a bit clouded. So far nobody has put up anything but a sputnik with a dead dog in it.

In his pre-Presidential State of the Union address, Senator Johnson said, "From space, the masters of infinity would have the power to control the earth's weather, to cause drought and flood, to change the tides and raise the levels of the sea, to divert the Gulf Stream and change the temperate climates to frigid." This sure would be bad for Texas, if they can do it. The Senator added, "The meaning is, to my limited view, quite clear." We must get up there before they do. But just how, having got there, will our masters of infinity cause drought and flood, freeze Yalta instead of Florida, and perform all these other apocalyptic marvels the man of destiny foreshadows so confidently? The meteorologists have had scanty success, so far, in controlling the weather over a single county. Maybe Johnson knows something they don't know, but this is awfully big stuff he's throwing around.

THERE ARE not only technical problems in planning a multiplicity of crash programs, but social and economic ones. Only a few months ago there was a hue and cry for a crash program in engineers and scientists. It was absolutely necessary for national survival that we should graduate 70,000 engineers a year. Why 70,000? Because the Soviet Union was said to be graduating

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something like that number. It must be obvious to every patriot that if the Soviet Union has done something or may do it, we must do it too. Provided, of course, that it involves weapons. If not, we must *not* do it.

ACTUALLY, when the shouts for engineers were raised, we were already geared to get more of them, perhaps more than we could use profitably—and *profitably* is the word, for nobody hires an engineer unless he thinks he can make money on him. The fifteen pages of display advertising in the financial section of the Sunday *Times,* offering fledgling engineers everything but a seat on the board of directors, were having their effect. Last fall the *Newsletter* of the Alumni Association of the City College of New York reported that 50 per cent of the entering freshman class would study engineering. CCNY is a poor man's college, but the same shift may be expected elsewhere, if not in the same degree. But in the meantime the advertising dwindled to a few pages and most of the big ads were for sales managers. At the annual meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in December, fourteen experienced but jobless scientists and engineers rented a room at the Statler Hotel in New York and invited potential employers to interview them. A year earlier, about fifty companies had rented rooms for recruiters at the same convention. More than a thousand engineers were said to be unemployed in the San Francisco area. As *Fortune* noted, "The postwar 'shortage' of engineers has suddenly disappeared. The question now is whether it is gone for good." Even with increased defense spending in the offing, it appears that if they refrain from "stockpiling" engineers for cost-plus contracts, the armament manufacturers will be able to get by.

The output of scientists is likewise to be multiplied on a crash basis. For decades the United States has been short of creative scientists and never a murmur was heard in the mass media. Only when we fell behind the Soviet Union in missiles-engineering was the country thrown into artificial consternation and proclaimed to be in the gravest danger in its history. The alarm was shortly reflected back into basic science and the headlines burst forth: "Pentagon Lauds Basic Research," "President Asks Sharp Fund Rise To Meet Soviet Science Threat," "School Aid Bills To Stress Science," and so on. The dedicated egghead was hastily cast in the role of St. Christopher bearing the American sputnik through the perilous waters of publicity and restoring to his fellow-countrymen their confidence that if they were incinerated the Russians would get theirs only a few hours later.

Measures were also proposed to make American scientists palatable to the general population. Edward Teller, as we have seen, is concerned over the fact that he and his colleagues are not loved as they would be if, *mutatis mutandi* and God forbid, they were doing their stuff in the Soviet Union. Said Dr. Fred L. Whipple, head of our satellite observation system which, at this writing, still has only Russian satellites to observe: "Until the time comes when the Phi Beta Kappa has the same social standing as the football player, we are going to fall behind in our technological race with the USSR." This isn't going to be easy. Aside from the fact that the mores of a country are not changeable overnight, doesn't the football player have some claim to higher social standing when the stereotype of the Phi Beta Kappa is a scientist working on rockets? The football player puts on a good show and doesn't harm anyone except another football player, and then only when the referee isn't looking. Walter B. Cannon, Anton J. Carlson, Albert Einstein, were respected by the public, insofar as it knew anything about them, and even today Norbert Wiener, Herman J. Muller, Linus Pauling, Harold C. Urey (who did more than anyone else to persuade atomic scientists to work on the hydrogen bomb) are at least tolerated.

But these scientists are not besotted with self-righteousness nor dedicated solely to destruction. *Somebody* must be blamed for the making of weapons which, in moments when the plain citizen gives the matter thought, must strike him as in the criminal lunacy class, even though we are never, never, never going to use them for anything but defense. The citizen isn't going to blame himself, and if anyone tries to hang it on him he can plead he hasn't had much to say about the whole business. Patriotism, reinforced by the FBI, forbids his blaming the government. He doesn't presume to blame the great corporations, for they are protecting him from the foreign devils and incidentally providing him with a job. Everybody has a shield to deflect anxiety-generated resentment except the poor scientist.

BY ALL INDICATIONS, the technological war will remain technological, for neither side can afford a hot war—not when both know that the launching, in earnest, of the first perfected missile means mutual annihilation. But the technological war has its fearsome costs, too.

Who is to foot the money bill? Of course, everybody will, but since there are more citizens in the lower middle-class than in any other, and since it is well known that the rich, with all their funds invested to provide jobs for the workingman and to protect the country, have practically no money left for taxes, it is necessary to persuade the common man that he should eat less butter. At the same time, however, it is necessary for the common Congressman to get himself elected. And only the common man, this jerk, can elect him. For the resultant schizophrenia, watch Congress as, with one eye on the Martians and the other on the jerk back home with a ballot, it regurgitates the President's budget.

We will develop other schizophrenic tendencies. The technological war is waged in defense of freedom; therefore freedom must go. Whoever heard of non-conformity in a national effort for survival? So the witch hunt must be sustained, if not against Communists (who can find one these days?) then against liberals who disagree that the cold war must be pursued more hotly simply because the Russians have been forcing their children to do their homework. Meantime, commit-

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tees to inform the public on the nation's peril will continue to make top-secret reports which will be widely publicized. The committees enroll public-spirited citizens, mostly millionaires, who are willing to prepare long reports, or at least sign their names to what the executive secretary has written. Since these bodies are democratically constituted, they include, besides hereditary millionaires, self-made industrialists whose perceptions are sharpened by several hundred million dollars worth of military contracts which their companies have undertaken, and a few embattled professors.

But eventually the corporations with the big contracts will find themselves bumping into controls, too. Crash programs must be coordinated; coordination could mean regimentation greater than during World War II. At this moment, many corporations are making more money now than they were during the war. If, then, the crash phase of the technological war takes on the economic and social characteristics of a shooting war, they may find themselves losing profits as well as some of the freedoms for which they are fighting. Of course, in the nature of things, the rest of us will lose more; but as good Americans, we hide our doubts.

Thus do the winds of insanity blow in on us from outer space. Science is bent to destruction; values disappear in our desperate race to get ahead of the unreachable; prompted by pride and prejudice, envy and fear, we consume ourselves in programs that can end only in catastrophic crash. If we don't get killed first, we shall all go mad.

THE LOADED MISSILE DEBATE . . *Frederic W. Collins*

Washington

IT IS ALMOST paradoxical that the people of the United States, whose elected leader has tried so conscientiously to divest himself of his uniformed past, should now find themselves in danger of being swept in the direction of militarism. Ever since the Soviet satellites generated what was made to resemble a crisis in defense policy, militarism, abetted by the armaments industry and by well-meaning, if somewhat innocent, subjects of industrial discipline, has spoken to the people in a voice far stronger than that of their leadership. In the opinion-making process since October 4, the most significant volume of raw material has been produced by the witnesses before Senator Lyndon Johnson's Preparedness subcommittee and by the Gaither and Rockefeller reports. All this has added up to more spending for more arms. President Eisenhower, refusing to be stampeded, has made his far more moderate position plain in his State of the Union message and in his budget. But neither he nor any officer of his Government has yet made a case for *not* being stampeded which is as aggressive, as spectacular, as loud or as fervent as that offered by the zealots on the other side. The battle is not yet decided. It will be decided in Congress, with some reference to public opinion. That opinion is still accessible to Mr. Eisenhower's influence.

AS THIS is written, the Johnson subcommittee is supposed to be winding up its hearings. Whether by design from the outset, or from some point after the hearings had started, Senator Johnson conducted a thoroughly lopsided inquiry. The imbalance is evident in the array of witnesses and in the sum of the testimony. The military, who want more money and more missiles, and industry, which also wants more money and more missiles (but please, boss, let's not cut off airplane production too quick) made the witness chair their occupied territory. The President had one outright defender; those who think that even the President wants to spend too much on the military, none. Mr. Johnson avoided any overt partisanship, but as a guide toward objective truth in a vital area of controversy, the hearings might as well have been conducted by Basil Zaharoff.

At one point, toward the end of the inquiry, the count of witnesses stood at thirty-nine. They could be classified as follows: three scientists, thirteen military men, nine civilian officers of the Executive Branch, twelve aircraft-industry executives, and two people dressed like plain citizens.

Two of the scientists were Dr. Edward Teller, who does not reject identification as "father of the H-bomb," and Dr. Vannevar Bush. Both have distinguished accreditation as scientists. Both, also, have an irrepressible itch to monkey with high politics and government. Dr. Teller was for more missiles and more nuclear submarines, and Dr. Bush thought that one way to get them would be to establish a new military policy-planning board comprised of civilians and retired or retiring officers.

The thirteen military witnesses were so voluble that their testimony defies tight summary, but its nature was such as to cause Yates McDaniel, Pentagon correspondent of The Associated Press, to speak of "what some sources are beginning to call 'a revolt of the generals.'" He could have added "admirals."

THE LIST OF civilian officers of the Executive Branch was topped by Secretary of Defense McElroy. He was on the President's side. But many of the service secretaries and second-echelon officers of the service departments openly carried an offensive in behalf of their branches against the Department of Defense and the White House. Most of them could justifiably be lumped with the "revolting" brass-hats.

The industry group, to no one's surprise, spoke in behalf of industry.

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The temper of its testimony was indicated in a remark volunteered by Roy T. Hurley, of Curtiss-Wright. Senator Johnson was complaining that little men in the budget bureau could hold up money approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff and appropriated by Congress. Mr. Hurley was quoted as suggesting: "We should shoot 'em or drown 'em or put 'em in jail."

The two civilian witnesses were Nelson Rockefeller and David Sarnoff, chairman of the RCA board, who was a member of the panel which produced the Rockefeller Report.

The testimony of the military men and the industrialists was devoid of reference to the international political context within which the Executive Branch must form policy. It assumed one frighteningly simplified national purpose: Beat the Soviet Union in an arms race. No witness questioned this purpose, or sought to find out what would be gained even if we finally achieved this goal.

The nature of the hearings betrayed an inclination to intrude upon Executive areas in a fashion better suited to a Committee on the Conduct of the War than to a legislative body. Mr. Johnson thought that maybe Congress would have to step in to force the Defense Department to increase production of B-52 bombers (Mr. Eisenhower's budget had decided otherwise). Running through almost all the testimony is the implied assumption that the Executive Branch can't be trusted to make the right decisions.

WHAT OF THE earnest men who prepared the Gaither and Rockefeller reports, which by all accounts are as alarming in their implications as anything to which the military testified? Officially, the reports were prepared independently; but it is easy to make a case for a disingenuous conspiracy. Some evidence of an "interlocking directorate" can be found in the principals and staffs responsible for these reports. The business interests of some of the leading participants could be construed as pointing to self-interest as their motivation. In both instances, the source material—the testimony and the documents—was the same. Nelson Rockefeller can be assumed to have ambitions to be Governor of New York. And after that?

Despite these various circumstances, knowledgeable judgment in Washington rejects any imputation of wrong motive to the signatories of either report. If their motives must be guessed at, it can be supposed that they acted as a group of frustrated Eisenhower internationalist Republicans and thwarted internationalist Democrats who have persuaded themselves that the nation is going to hell in a hack because of a collapse of leadership on Mr. Eisenhower's part. The sophisticated verdict pronounced against them is that their judgment just isn't very good, and that they shock too easily.

To assume wrong motives on the part of the Gaither Committee is to credit a labyrinthine plan for self-flagellation to Mr. Eisenhower, who appointed it. The committee's function was to provide a confidential, high-class vetting job on policy. Its members, or some among them, committed very grave error indeed in leaking the material to the press. They may have aborted a highly promising evolution of Administrative procedure toward the use of reputable and informed "outsiders" to make confidential critiques of Executive performance. They must plead guilty to the sin of believing that in their special case the end justified the means, and that their estimate of how the national interest should be served ought to override the President's estimate.

But if the motives of the Gaither and Rockefeller groups were essentially high-minded, the practical result of their activities is to weight the scales in favor of the more-money, more-missiles company of less disinterested men. True, it is not their fault if the President is not providing an adequate counterweight, but by rushing into print, they hardly gave him a chance. From the President's standpoint, hope exists that the very exaggerations of Rockefeller *cum* Gaither *cum* Johnson will provide a subtle self-refutation as the public considers the case. But it would help if the President would take the stand not merely to assert, but to argue his case.

What Killed the Town Meeting? . . *by John Guy LaPlante*

MASSACHUSETTS is abandoning one of its most hallowed institutions. The town meeting, which as every graduate of Civics 1 knows, gave every man his say and his vote, was the most democratic government since the *agora* of Pericles' Athens. Yet in the last four decades, forty towns throughout the Commonwealth have felt impelled to scrap tradition and go modern.

Careful to exercise the caution traditional of New England, these forty set about searching for a government that would avert the old evils, but one which would fit nicely within the traditional framework. What they hit upon was the *limited* town meeting.

This is an assembly in which elected representatives—or town-meeting members, as they're called—meet as a deliberative and legislative body. A town divides itself into precincts, the precincts elect members, and these meet once or more a year to appropriate money, enact town laws and transact other business. One expert on home-town rule in the Bay State put it another way: "It's a compromise between the impossibility of a town meeting open to all voters in a large town and reluctance to depart radically from the traditional form of government."

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Most communities effected the "compromise" only after painful soul-searching. The town meeting was solidly rooted in Massachusetts long before the Boston Tea Party. It governed every community until 1821, when the second constitutional amendment permitted towns of 12,000 people to become municipalities. Historians and political scientists exulted in it as a splendor of nineteenth-century New England; it brought fame to the state as a land of political enlightenment.

Yet in the larger towns change was inevitable. The town meeting failed to function. Public business had slowed down intolerably, citizen interest had palled, often only the most desperate press-agentry could make the old government work.

Town after town read the same newspaper stories about itself; only the details were different. Here's what Athol, an industrial community of 12,000 people on the picturesque Mohawk Trail, read one day:

> ATHOL—Despite a dramatic effort by the Fire Department, last night's second town meeting session failed to attract a quorum and was adjourned until Friday.
>
> The Department staged a fake fire at Town Hall, complete with a general alarm sounded on the warning system, screaming sirens, roaring engines and flashing lights, in an attempt to atract townspeople to the building.

Readers in Southbridge, a tree-shaded community with most of its 18,000 people engaged in the manufacture of cutlery and eyeglasses, found that their town officials were more resourceful:

> SOUTHBRIDGE—Selectmen last night forced a temporary adjournment of meetings of the Woman's Relief Corps, the American Legion Auxiliary and the standing committee of Elm Street Congregational Church in order to obtain a quorum of 150 voters at a special town meeting.
>
> . . . Moderator Rosario S. Normandin had his anxious moments while the . . . roundups were in progress. He pleaded with those already in the hall not to leave.

Despairing of ever getting a quorum without going through successive adjournments, Southbridge not many weeks later got its voters to authorize cutting the quorum from 150 to 100 voters. One hundred voters in a town of 18,000 people!

Fake fires, voter roundups, repeated adjournments, smaller quorums, the glib talk of door prizes—these tell of Massachusetts' struggle to put up with a government designed for the era when the state was a collection of small agricultural communities whose affairs could be decided at occasional public meetings.

WHEN time changed the economic base of the towns, the cry went up for a new form of self-rule. Town after town felt it had to modify its government; although some of the smaller towns are determined to plod along in the old tradition. Charlton, a sparsely populated town in the rolling hills of southern Worcester County, is one of these, content to conduct meetings even without the formality of a quorum:

> CHARLTON—Ten voters in sixteen minutes last night approved transfers [from one departmental account to another] totaling $4,966.

And so, small-town democracy becomes perfunctory, with townspeople leaving the door wide open for a few officials and town employees to take over the conduct of government.

"It seems that the larger a town grows, the less interest people take in Town Hall matters," is the explanation one newspaperman gives. "Apathy is what's killing the old town meeting. As the town gets larger and the problems of government become more remote, townspeople find it easier to turn on the TV set, go to the movies or for a drive with the family—do almost anything—rather than attend a dreary town meeting."

Others suggest that people don't attend because they don't know enough about the matters being considered. These may range from buying a new pick-up truck or putting in new curbstones to licensing pawnbrokers or setting motor-boat traffic rules at a local lake. Such questions are first considered by a town board of review—usually called the finance committee or the advisory board. It recommends to townspeople how to vote on them. Sometimes voters blindly follow the board's recommendations. This leads some to complain, "Hell, we're just rubber stamps for the finance committee. Why bother going?"

Dismayed, frustrated, the larger towns found it imperative to try something new. They appointed study committees which presented one variation or another of the limited town-meeting plan to the state legislature. The towns then petitioned for an enabling act—there is no home rule in Massachusetts. When the legislature gave its blessing, townspeople voted on the plan at referendum.

The legislature has tried to make the transition easier. In 1931 it drafted a standard form of limited town-meeting charter. Though few towns have embraced this charter whole, it whetted interest. In the next eight years, sixteen towns got special acts through the legislature.

ALL THE existing charters contain certain provisions: the limited town meetings are open to the public, all members serve without pay, all voters may attend and speak (though those who are not members may not vote), and all towns have retained the referendum as a veto. It's noteworthy that most of the towns which have accepted limited meetings are large enough to petition for city charters. Conservative as always, they elected to make only the minimum departure from cherished tradition.

Like most innovations, the limited town meeting is under continual fire. A general complaint is that too many members are elected.

The Massachusetts Federation of Taxpayers Associations, a private group interested in promoting efficiency and economy in government, found some years ago that most limited meetings had more than 200 members. One had 326, another sixty-three. True, democracy demands that there be as many representatives as possible, enough to represent every shade and hue of public opinion. But the more members the voters have to elect, the less discrimination they exercise. Often they know only three or four candidates in their precinct and vote for others simply to com-

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plete the list. The number of candidates at times just equals the seats. A half-dozen votes can elect a member. Occasionally so many members are called for that candidates must be drafted. So it was recently in Shrewsbury, a residential town on the periphery of Worcester, the state's second largest city:

> SHREWSBURY — Town Clerk Ernest Tosi last night announced the names of 100 town meeting representatives elected Monday.
>
> Ten of the candidates were *write-ins*, necessary because an insufficient number of candidates filed [nomination] papers.

Others complain about members-at-large—town officials who serve by virtue of their office, presumably to advise and guide the others in technical matters. Often they are state legislators living in the town, or the town clerk, moderator, treasurer, chairman of the school committee or similar officials. Most towns have them in the belief that they will give the meeting the benefit of their special knowledge and experience. But combine a large number of members-at-large and a small quorum—some meetings have quorums smaller than a majority—and a town writes carte blanche for rigged, packed meetings.

Few people are blind to the deficiencies of the limited town meeting. In concept, it is unquestionably inferior to the town meeting. Townspeople no longer decide; they delegate others. Often those elected lack ability or enthusiasm. Opportunities persist for minority groups to run Town Hall. And for those to whom romance and tradition are important, the limited town meeting is a poor substitute indeed.

Yet town after town of 6,000 population or more (smaller communities must continue the traditional town meeting, according to the state constitution) is being converted to the new way. Every town contemplating the change suffers the same inner conflict, the same agony. So it was in Athol last year. The traditionalists could not bring themselves to discard a government—a way of life, really—that had been in use since the town was incorporated in 1762. Others, equally proud of their community's history, argued that when a special town meeting has to be adjourned time and again because of a lack of voters, as Athol had had to do so often, then a new government is essential. Their argument won the day; the townspeople voted for a limited town meeting by 1,715 to 992. And indications are that many more towns throughout the state will do so.

Australia's Explosive Neighbor . . *by C. P. Fitzgerald*

Canberra

TO THE WESTERN world, preoccupied with the problems posed by sputniks, disarmament, NATO and North Africa, the sudden crisis which has arisen in the Western Pacific over the Indonesian claim to that part of New Guinea which is administered by the Dutch seems a tiresome irrelevance, a side issue—and, to put it frankly, a nuisance. To Australians, who are responsible for the other half of New Guinea, the situation is charged with potential dangers which they fear are not appreciated elsewhere: a crisis on their immediate borders which puts their whole foreign policy in Asia to a sharp test. The Indonesians, for their part, see the question of "Irian," as they call New Guinea, as the supreme problem of the nation, the solution of which is imperative, and the failure to find the right solution disastrous.

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Since this Indonesian assessment of the matter is not at all accepted elsewhere, it is worth considering on what grounds it is based and why such importance is attached to a territory which all agree to be inhospitable, largely uninhabitable and of very slight economic value. The Indonesian position can be succinctly stated. The country claims to be the successor state of the Netherlands East Indies—just that, no more, no less. It is not a nation founded on unity of race or religion, but a political entity which owes its existence to the transfer of Dutch sovereignty in the former colonial empire of the Netherlands to the native inhabitants, who formed the Indonesian Republic to inherit this empire. Because West New Guinea was a part of the Netherlands East Indies, West New Guinea must be a part of Indonesia. The question of which people inhabit the territory is irrelevant. Eastern Indonesia is in any case racially distinct from Java; so is Borneo; so is much of Sumatra.

Moreover it is claimed that in the final treaty by which Indonesian sovereignty was conceded, the status of West New Guinea was defined in terms which implied that it, too, would pass under Indonesian rule. The treaty did not transfer the territory outright. Instead, it stipulated that within one year the territory's status would be fixed by negotiations which were to be held between the Netherlands and Indonesia. The Indonesians claim that the delay was provided merely to give the Dutch time to make arrangements to get out; the Dutch on the other hand, claim that no such conclusion was implied, and that as the negotiations did not result in agreement, they are entitled to stay. The Dutch argue that if the Indonesian claim was correct, there would have been no reason to defer the transfer of West New Guinea any more than that of any other part of the Netherlands East Indies. The Indonesians admit that the deferment was a concession on their part to gain their major objective: immediate freedom in the main islands of the archipelago.

Indonesia thus claims that the Dutch presence in West New Guinea

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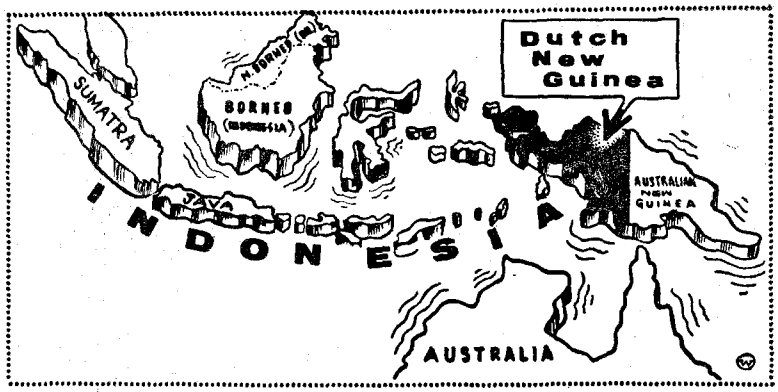
is a remnant of "colonialism"—that hated regime of the past—and is evidence that the Dutch have not renounced their former empire in good faith, but are biding their time to recover some or all of it. The Dutch regard this charge as absurd and malicious. Failing to attain the withdrawal of the Dutch by negotiation, or by resolutions passed at the United Nations, the Indonesian Government has recently begun a campaign of pressure upon Dutch interests (which had remained the chief economic force in Indonesia) in the rest of the country. Dutch shipping, plantation estates, banks and businesses have been "taken over." It is officially stated that none of these enterprises has been either confiscated or nationalized; in effect, they have simply been seized by Indonesian organizations, some of which appear to be very far from official bodies. Volunteers have begun to enlist in irregular formations pledged to liberate West New Guinea from Dutch colonial rule.

THE Australian attitude to all this, and it is an attitude shared by the majority of the public as well as by the Government and political parties, is one of bewildered exasperation. There is here a very general belief that the agitation to regain West New Guinea was deliberately fanned by the Indonesian Government to distract public attention from its own serious shortcomings, and to restore unity to a state badly shaken by many constitutional crises. These crises arise from the tension between Java, the rich and populous metropolitan island, and the outer islands, which are less developed, less populated and often of different racial composition, but which produce the main export commodities needed to sustain the economy of the whole country. The outer islands have demanded a larger share in the revenue which they earn; they dislike the domination of Javanese politicians in Jakarta; they are conservative, religious (either Moslem or Christian), and fear the power of the Communist Party in Java. They have found leaders in their local military commanders and have set up administrations which are, in



fact, autonomous, though not constitutionally so.

Aside from their belief that the agitation for recovery of "Irian" is purely a political trick by President Sukarno and his Government, a classical expedient of the dictator who is in trouble at home, Australians also advance other grounds for denying the Indonesian claim. West New Guinea is divided from East New Guinea, the Australian half of the island, by a border drawn along a line of longitude which has never been demarcated on the largely unexplored ground it covers. The line cuts across native tribes and follows no sensible ethnic or geographical division. If the Indonesians take over from the Dutch on the basis of this line, the island will be arbitrarily divided and its future as the home of a united Papuan people jeopardized. Australia aims to bring up her Papuan wards to be "brown Australians," a free, democratic, English-speaking people. Indonesia would introduce her Malay language, her own different, Asian culture, and irreparably divide the Papuans. How long, moreover, ask the Australians, would it be before Indonesia started to claim East New Guinea on grounds of affinity of race, contiguity and other usual nationalist arguments?

It is, of course, true that the Dutch in West New Guina offer to Australia not much more hope of a final solution to the problem. Holland is very far away, her interests in the country slight, her administration sketchy, and her policy toward the natives does not accord well with that followed by Australia. The Dutch have used Indonesian settlers as clerks in their administration, employ Malay as the common *lingua franca,* and have not produced any settled or comprehensive policy for the future advancement of the Papuan natives. These shortcomings have undoubtedly played into the hands of the Indonesians, since they have tended to create in West New Guinea a small, but important, class of Malay-speaking natives and half-breeds who are culturally assimilated to Indonesia. Australia would prefer the Dutch to teach English and match their native policy with her own, but so far the Dutch show no sign of going along with the idea.

AUSTRALIAN opposition to Indonesia's claim is also much influenced by strategic considerations. West New Guinea not only adjoins Australian New Guinea, but lies very close to the mainland of Australia itself. Australians, watching with great anxiety the turmoil of Indonesian affairs, the growth of the Communist Party in Java (where it won a sweeping victory in municipal elections), fear that the Indonesian state may soon either dissolve into a chaos of warring islands or undergo a Communist revolution directed from Java. In either case, the security of Australia would be gravely affected; civil war in Indonesia would open the road to Communist intervention on behalf of one side or another; a Communist revolution would bypass SEATO and outflank the whole system of alliances which Australia supports as her front-line defense in Southeast Asia.

Indonesians claim either that these fears are unreal, the work of Dutch propaganda, or (somewhat inconsistently) that if the New Guinea problem is not settled to Indonesia's

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satisfaction, they will become only too real—and that Australian policy is driving Indonesia into the arms of the Communists. In Australia, the fact that her Allies—the United States, even Britain—do not seem to appreciate the importance of the problem, and have taken an attitude not far from neutrality, is most disturbing. It calls into question the whole value of the SEATO system. Australia is virtually pledged to assist the Dutch to repel an Indonesian attempt to take the territory by force. Australian public opinion would overwhelmingly support such action; indeed, it would force a reluctant government to undertake it. The risk of a minor "Suez" in New Guinea is not wholly unreal. And the fear that in such an event Australia would not receive support from her Allies is very real.

Yet there remains a factor which is perhaps underestimated in Australia: the Indonesian gift for avoiding extreme action. This peculiar characteristic has already modified the apparently irreconcilable differences between Java and the outer islands. These islands are, in fact, autonomous, but their leaders, technically rebels, come to Jakarta for negotiation, and President Sukarno freely and safely visits the centers of "rebellion." This is not the kind of "civil war" with which we of the West are at all familiar. There is no doubt that, to some degree, the Indonesian Government has used the problem of West New Guinea to cover up its own mistakes and enlist support for its policy. But it is also true that there is deep feeling throughout the country on the issue; that, if the government neglected it, others would seize upon it; and that, however unreasonably, the Indonesian people continue to fear the Dutch and suspect their motives. Such fears and suspicions are as much facts and factors in a political problem as the legal rights and strategic aspects.

A solution which Indonesia rejects in public, but might agree to as a compromise, is that West New Guinea be placed under the administration of the United Nations with an international civil service in charge.

This is a solution which is not much liked in Australia either, where the somewhat ill-informed, tactless and unrealistic interventions of the commissions sent to East New Guinea by the U.N.'s Trusteeship Council have produced a bad impression. If any such U.N. administration is to take charge of the country, the choice of the administrators will be difficult, and must satisfy the Indonesian fear of "colonialism" and the Australian suspicion of "anti-colonial" propagandists. It seems, nonetheless, that if a local but dangerous conflict is to be avoided, some such arrangement will have to be imposed.

FUND-RAISING III:

TOWARD a NEW PHILANTHROPY . . *by J. L. Pimsleur*

THE TWO PREVIOUS articles in this series have shown that private philanthropy, highly competitive and wasteful in its fund-raising tactics, is consistently running behind the country's growing health and welfare needs. But there are reasons to believe that even the elimination of multiplicity of campaigns, with all its attendant evils, would not alone solve the problem. Philanthropic funds are not only *collected* badly; they are also *spent* unwisely.

Leo Perlis, director of community services of the AFL-CIO, sums up this essential flaw in the phrase, "agency budgeting instead of functional budgeting." What this means is that under our present philanthropic setup, the various health and welfare agencies submit their budgets to the community, instead of the other way around. This is true whether the agency is raising funds independently or through a United Fund or Community Chest. In the end, what the community gets for its philanthropic dollar is not necessarily what it needs, but merely the sum of what each agency is prepared to give. "Philanthropy suffers," says Perlis, "from an excessive agency-mindedness which makes impossible any over-all planning. At best, the community's needs are inadequately met. At worst, the agency's prime interest becomes how best to raise money, not how best to spend it; what's good for the agency sometimes becomes more important than what's good for the people it is supposed to serve."

The same flaw, so apparent at community level, is also apparent at the national level. We have already seen that the budgets of the big national health agencies bear little relation to the country's needs; the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, for instance, raises and spends fifteen times as much as the National Association for Mental Health, although the incidence of mental illness throughout the country is incomparably greater than that of polio (*The Nation*, January 18, table on page 45). The unhappy truth is that an agency's ability to raise money is as much, or more, a factor in determining its budget as the need for its services.

Clearly, then, consolidation and over-all planning is required at national as well as community level. In addition to other reasons, there are impelling *scientific* considerations for such consolidation, especially in the health field. In connection with Boston's first United Fund drive last year, the Medical Foundation of Greater Boston issued a significant statement:

> Leaders in the health and medical profession in the United States have

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been suggesting the need for a broader approach to the problems of health research, focusing attention on the over-all maintenance of health rather than the treatment of disease, attempting to discover the "common denominators" of various disease groups. . . .

We owe a special debt in the United States to the voluntary health agencies and in particular to those organizations that are concerned with one or another of the specific disease categories. . . . It is no derogation . . . to say, however, that the time has come to initiate more comprehensive community programs of health and research than any of them alone are capable of undertaking. Such programs, to be successful, ought to fulfill two basic requirements: (1) they should concentrate their resources on research concerning the fundamental nature and characteristics of *all* disease and the relationship between different disease groupings; (2) they should solicit financial support from the community on a broad front, rather than a traditional disease-by-disease basis. . . .

IT IS with this background in mind that Perlis argues the need for a National Health Fund—a kind of United Fund at national level. The organization would coordinate the programs of the individual national health agencies; overhaul outmoded budgeting practices "to meet the needs of the people, rather than the needs of the agencies"; replace hundreds of separate publicity campaigns with a single national drive; and, finally, allocate funds on the basis of nation-wide need as established by objective criteria.

"The big agencies, of course, will argue passionately that centralization of philanthropic effort would undermine the system of free enterprise," Perlis says. "This is a fancy way of saying that they fear the loss of some of their 'sovereign' rights in budget-making. For a national fund to work, organizations like the polio foundation would have to grow mature enough to say, 'Let's allocate a little more for mental health, or arthritis, even if it means a little less for ourselves.' The fund, according to my plan, would be directed by a central budgeting committee comprising representatives of business, labor, professional fund-raising bodies, health and welfare agencies, the U.S. Public Health Service and other government representatives. The fund would cooperate with community United Funds throughout the country."

BUT EVEN AN optimum reorganization of private, voluntary philanthropy could not meet the basic health and welfare needs of the American people. It is estimated that 300,000 Americans die unnecessarily every year because, while the skill to save them is available, the money isn't. Sickness and disability cost the nation 4.5 million man-years of work and at least $27 billion in cash annually.

The financial cost involved in wiping out these deficits is too big for voluntary, private philanthropy to handle; and the voluntary agencies would be the first to admit it. Perlis put it this way: "The job of conserving our most important natural resource, national health, should be basically a government responsibility. Sooner or later it will become necessary for the American people, through their democratically-chosen government and with their own tax funds, to undertake a program of comprehensive health insurance. No amount of name-calling by the opponents of such a step will either eliminate the need, or deny the validity of meeting the need in this fashion."

But even if the government assumed its full responsibility for providing an adequate health and welfare program, voluntary agencies would still be necessary, according to the majority of experts. "If voluntary agencies did not exist," Perlis insists, "it would be necessary to invent them. To abandon the spirit of voluntaryism is to abandon the spirit of America." Beyond the ideology involved, many experts agree that there are a series of practical and compelling reasons for the maintenance of private, voluntary philanthropy. Here are some of the most frequently cited:

1. Voluntary agencies, more flexible than government bodies, can supplement government in pioneering experimentation and research, and can respond more rapidly to emergencies.

2. Voluntary agencies, properly coordinated within councils of social-welfare organizations, can do an invaluable job of planning and social action which government agencies traditionally find difficult.

3. What some social workers like to call character-building organizations, such as the Scouts and the "Ys," should always be on a voluntary basis and should never be replaced, in a free and democratic society, by government-controlled Hitler *Jugends* or Communist *Komsomols*.

4. Voluntary agencies play an important educational role, often arousing public opinion in support of social and health legislation. Without them, the federal government never would have undertaken health research, for instance. Today 80 per cent of cancer research is done by the government.

5. Finally, voluntaryism keeps alive the spirit of good neighborliness and mutual help.

GO-IT-ALONE fund-raising has consistently failed to meet needs; agency-oriented United Funds and Community Chests, while an improvement, are still not the answer. National health agencies complain that federated community drives are incapable of judging fairly national needs. But, according to the report of the Medical Foundation of Greater Boston, the national agencies themselves fail to take a truly national view. The solution seems to lie in some sort of coordinated national health fund, operating in accordance with the principles laid down in the Boston report. The fund must be run by *voluntary* givers and command the cooperation of the national agencies.

As for the relationship between private, voluntary philanthropy and government welfare programs, recent history would indicate that the government's activity in the areas of health, welfare and education is in inverse ratio to private philanthropy's ability to do a job. If one day government takes over the job completely, it will be private philanthropy's own fault.

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Joyce and His Brother

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. By Stanislaus Joyce. Viking Press. 266 pp. $5.

Frank O'Connor

THE MODERN storyteller does not like action. He seems to feel that there is something slightly vulgar about it, like belonging to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; your modern storyteller is a contemplative. He prefers the method of analogy and antithesis, of comparison and contrast. This was James Joyce's method, and now, by the publication within a year of his own collected letters and his brother's unfinished autobiography, he has been submitted to it.

"The counterfeit presentment of two brothers" is a delight to the literary critic. Undoubtedly, Jim was the more brilliant of the two; Stannie ("Maurice" of *Stephen Hero)* makes no claims to genius. Or even to good looks, for, though he admired Jim's face, his own, neatly divided into two compartments, is reminiscent of a filing cabinet. His father called him Jim's "jackal," and he was made aware that Jim's friends thought him a nuisance, a mere echo of his brother. To Jim himself, he was "quite commonplace and uninteresting." (So at least Stannie read the evidence.) "It is terrible to have a cleverer older brother," he wrote in his diary at seventeen with a wisdom far beyond that age. But he did have character, and there is a moving passage in his autobiography that describes his sharing of a home with a father and two brothers who were all drunkards. He continued to worry about Jim's drinking, followed him to Trieste where he too taught English, lent him money and tried to keep him sober. With his outspoken personality Stannie naturally got into trouble with Mussolini's gang, but when he sought for sympathy from his brother in Zurich all he got was a curt "I'm only interested in style." Stannie was interested in conduct, not in style, and he disliked *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, apart from the fact that in the latter he was ridiculed as "Shaun the Post," the virtuous brother. After their quarrel Jim offered Stannie a copy of *Finnegans Wake* which was curtly refused. Then Jim died, and the remorseful Stannie began to see virtues even in *Ulysses*. Stannie was nothing if not modest.

But modest only in relation to his brilliant brother. Toward ruffians, and concentrations of ruffians—like his father, Mussolini, the Jesuits and Irish nationalists generally—Stannie was arrogant and contemptuous. Not without some justification. He was justified in his boyish claim that, though he had modeled his life on Jim's, he was no imitator. "Jackal" is the last word one would use to describe him. He was much more like a good Irish setter, rousing the game for a brother he thought cleverer than himself. According to his own story the game roused in *Stephen Hero* and *Dubliners* is largely his, and the curious thing is that, though I pooh-poohed these claims to Richard Ellmann when he told me of them, a single reading of this autobiography left me convinced of their truth. There is real malice in the two early books—malice against a drunken father, against Ireland and against the Catholic Church—and malice is an endearing human quality that becomes all too rare in Jim's later work.

THE portrait Stannie gives of his brother in youth is one that I, at least, could never have deduced. What he stresses is Jim's gentleness, good humor and consideration for his awful father. That also I think is true, but true less of Jim as he really was than as he appeared to the excited eyes of his younger brother, for Stannie's nature was ablaze with passion and hate. We all know the central episode in *Ulysses* when the proud young artist, Jim, refuses to kneel at the bedside of his dying mother. True Believers have spoken of it in the same tone of hushed reverence as Rilke uses to speak of Cezanne's refusal to attend his mother's funeral, though Joycean atheists like myself have continued to feel that never did any young man's backside so loudly call for kicking. But, as Stannie tells it, it is a very different story. Apparently he was there with Jim, and when their maternal uncle motioned them to kneel they *both* remained standing. Now I wonder if it was not possible that the presence of a younger brother who looked up to him so passionately made Jim ashamed of the gesture of conformity. Characteristically, as Jim tells the story, the younger brother disappears altogether; the guilt and Byronic remorse become his alone.

It is interesting too that in his later work Jim made no attempt to exploit the abominable scene when his drunken father said to his dying wife: "I'm finished. I can't do any more. If you can't get well, die. Die and be damned to you!" As Stannie tells the story we can understand that it was something to haunt the mind of any man, artist or not.

> Forgetting everything, I shouted "You swine!" and made a swift movement towards him. Then to my horror I saw that my mother was struggling to get out of bed. I hurried to her at once, while Jim led my father out of the room.
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> "You mustn't do that," my mother panted. "You must promise me never to do that, you know that when he is that way he doesn't know what he is saying."

Is it merely an impression, or did Jim make no use of it because once again the strong, significant character is not his but his brother's? But there is no doubt in my mind that Stannie is right when he argues that a character is determined by his response to such scenes between his

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parents, and that the real difference between Jim and himself was that Jim took his father's side while he took his mother's. It was a choice that put Stannie in the ranks of the O'Caseys and D. H. Lawrences. But it also goes to show that antithesis in the modern short story is a very simple-minded affair, for though Jim may have continued to regard Stannie as "quite commonplace and uninteresting" and Stannie may have accepted the judgment, it is quite clear that in their early years together Stannie forced something of his own character on the brother he loved, and induced in him a hatred of his father, of Ireland and of the Catholic Church which did not come natural to him; exactly as in later years he tried to induce hatred of fascism in him. Their later quarrel was caused by the fact that Stannie realized too late that he had misjudged his brother, and that Jim would never fight for any abstract cause, good or bad. It may even have dawned on Stannie that he had misjudged not only Jim but himself, for Stannie was one of those mother's boys, uncertain of themselves, who need what they believe to be strong personalities to express themselves through, though their own latent powers may well be as great as those of the personality they choose. Stannie reveals himself in this book as a very gifted man indeed, and—at least to an emotional man like myself—a more attractive one than his brother.

I AM NOT, of course, arguing that *My Brother's Keeper* is all sweetness and light. Stannie never realizes that being a mother's boy involves as great a distortion of the facts as does being a father's boy like Jim. Stannie loves women, worships women, because like Shakespeare's hero, he too had a mother.

> I had one—a woman;
> And women 'twere they wronged.

He hates what he regards as Jim's lovelessness and quotes a Scottish Gaelic proverb which may or may not be translated, "as loveless as an Irishman." Knowing no Gaelic, he dismisses all Irish love poetry because the Irish word for "love" sounds like "graw," which is as though a native Irish-speaker like myself should dismiss all English love poetry because the English word for *grádh* sounded like "luvv." Logic is not Stannie's strong point.

But—and it is a big, big "but"—I realized after reading *Stephen Hero* that never again could I read *A Portrait of the Artist* with the same admiration, because the raw material (and how raw the damn thing is!) was so much finer than the finished article. Now, after reading *My Brother's Keeper* I realize that I shall never re-read *Stephen Hero* without thinking first of that younger brother with the face like a filing cabinet and the big passionate heart. I can only regret that so modest a man did not live to enjoy the applause due to his artistry, and I hope my friend Richard Ellmann will make some amends to his angry shade by editing the unpublished diary with the same love and devotion.

Mr. Joyce's Secretary

LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE. Edited by Stuart Gilbert. The Viking Press. 437 pp. $7.50.

Nathan Halper

THE WRITER of the *Letters* differs from the writer of the novels. Joyce's subject always is himself; but, for the novelist, no emotion is so intimate, no incident is so unseemly that it may not be revealed. The writer of the letters tends to the other extreme. When Wyndham Lewis mocked at his "genteel decorum," his "desire to keep up appearances," the reader of *Ulysses* had to wonder how—and where—such words could possibly apply. Now, on reading these, we can see what Lewis meant.

In the early letters, there are sometimes echoes of the youthful Stephen. But, by 1905, when he gets to Trieste, Joyce has stopped his phrase-making. He has a brand-new pose. He is, as Lewis says, a "quiet, very positive, self-collected Irish school-master." He "veils his arrogance with an elaborate decency beneath the formal calm of the Jesuit."

This is also Joyce. The Shem who wrote *Ulysses* is only one of his extensions. A proper Shaun is the equal and opposite reaction. If we wish to understand the Joyce who is both—and neither—Shaun is as essential as Shem. As one might expect, however, such a guarded fellow is a less interesting writer.

If the letters are duller reading, it is also partly because they are functional. When Joyce is dealing with a publisher, or talking about his ailments, or asking his Aunt Josephine whether it is possible for "an ordinary person to climb over the area railings of no. 7 Eccles street," the points are not without importance. Still they do not need the attention that he gives to Mr. Leopold Bloom or 7 Eccles Street itself. And the places where he had a chance to spread himself (if a writer wants to, he can always find such places), Joyce chooses not to use.

He is the servant of his art, all he has is given freely. Yet this service is exhausting. Even Joyce can't always live on a plane so intense. If they are not art—if the letters are restricted to his immediate involvements—they do not need such labors. These letters are not composed in his capacity as writer. They are written, so to speak, by Mr. Joyce's secretary.

THIS is not to say that the writing is indifferent. The skill and care are always visible. There are flashes of virtuosity—but even the flashes are functional. They glitter, yet they leap the shortest way between two points. When he tells a funny story about Mrs. Joyce's mother, it will be because it helps his correspondent to understand what Joyce wants him to do for her. When he writes a parody of *The Waste Land,* he also tells Miss Weaver that he is in Rouen, where it is exceedingly rainy. If his goals are more ambitious, if he wants to bare his heart, if he wishes to explore the terrain of human relationships, or desires to enlarge on the nature of the universe—he will save it for his novels.

Thus, we should not blame him for failing to achieve what he did not try to do. (If the letters are limited, that is what he thought they should be.) Yet, we cannot help it. Willy-nilly, we compare him to those who, by their letters, become candidates for immortality. By their standards—even though they are not relevant—he is not overly impressive.

It is not merely that the letters themselves are limited. They limit everything on which they touch. When he talks about his writing, this also seems

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to dwindle. He is mainly concerned with how many hours he's working, with his efforts to get published, with reviews, sales and royalties. When he discusses *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake,* it is primarily in terms of some pun that he's explaining or the technical problem that he has set himself in some passage. What we get here is the Artist in his aspects as the Artisan. If the reader did not know it, he would never guess that these books are humanistic, compassionate and passionate. They seem to be the barren, private and pedantic puzzles that his enemies have always called them.

IT IS no surprise that the critics, by and large, have thought the *Letters* disappointing. If they did not know the writer, they would have found them dull. Knowing that he is Joyce, they find them even duller. It is no surprise—yet, knowing this is Joyce, they might have been less hasty.

It is true that there is no magic in this folder of functional messages. But —how can he change his spots? How can he mute that part of him that sings? How can he completely mask what lives and loves and laughs?

A man of Joyce's skill is almost able to do it. But a man like Joyce has so much more to mask. He cannot do it —quite.

If we did not know him, we would think finally that these letters are dull. But when we know that they are by Joyce, we can look at them more closely and see that he wrote them. The verve is there, and the vigor. The mask does not quite cover: here are the intimations, the moons of those effulgent suns.

The Lower Education

PURELY ACADEMIC. By Stringfellow Barr. Simon and Schuster. 304 pp. $3.95.

William Bittner

PURELY ACADEMIC is a novel that everyone should read, but for non-literary reasons. It is badly constructed—something like the second novel of a writer whose fifth will turn out to be publishable—and very few will understand even part of its implications; yet almost everybody will find it both illuminating and bitingly amusing. Mr. Barr has wrapped the disillusions of an academic lifetime in a dust jacket and thereby produced a literary tortilla that is corny but spicy. He has not exposed the worst in modern American higher education but has drawn an average of what it is now; and we should all read what he has to say because things are going to get a good deal worse. In fact, they have already.

The American fetish for college education has propagated so much fiction over the decades that for a long time the colleges have seemed to be imitating the college novels. If the recent exposé stories have as much effect as, say, *Stover at Yale,* they will do more than sputnik to emphasize our educational shortcomings. The first targets were the faculties, in books like Mary McCarthy's *The Groves of Academe*; the barrage was widened to include administrators and trustees in Howard Nemerov's *The Homecoming Game* (*The Male Animal* with more academic insights); Theodore Morrison's *To Make a World* added the foundations; and now this book spatters the entire educational pretension with the mudballs it richly deserves.

American colleges and universities have long been places where, in return for a diploma, the incapable and the indifferent are permitted to pay for intellectual facilities that one or two students and hardly more teachers are able to use. Rational and well-meaning animals, most people in universities deplore the situation, and occasionally handfuls of them make sporadic efforts to remedy it. They are invariably squelched. "This university," Mr. Barr has his protagonist say, "like others I could name, is intellectually bankrupt; therefore it should immediately raise a lot of money. We have lost our common purpose and we should instantly redouble our efforts. May God have mercy on us."

I believe that no factual account could show more clearly, more accurately and more effectively to what depths our higher education has fallen. The best of the occasional reforms that are warped into the educational machine—to their destruction and its degeneration —are symbolized by his comment on the elective system: "A college student chooses his courses for one of three reasons: either he likes the professor, or he likes the hour the course comes at, or he thinks the course is not unreasonably difficult. There is no use kidding ourselves about this. No undergraduate gives a damn about what subject he is studying if only these three claims are satisfactorily met."

Mr. Barr chose to describe the average university—a small private Midwestern outgrowth from a denominational college. If he had shown one of the educational mushrooming operations, like those that not long ago were vocational schools or two-year junior colleges, no one would have believed things could be that bad—except, of course, people who have seen them from the inside. Yet these academic bucket shops, run by promoters, staffed often by unqualified and sometimes frankly senile former public-school teachers (who work full time on a "part time" reduced salary), and peopled with students who have been rejected by every other kind of institution, are the ones that will grow fastest as the war babies come of age. This, however, is the only facet of our university system that Barr left out.

HIS scheme is ingenious, even if he has too much material to fit it. First he reveals the faculty as dull, quibbling, uninspired hacks. Next come the administrators, beside whom the teachers seem wonderfully respectable. The students "live in a mild euphoria," unbroken by the lectures they sit through without hearing, the books they do not read, the ideas they repulse, since these might jar them from their respectable spectatorism. Yet this whole sordid institution soars to heights of intellectual integrity in comparison with the board of trustees. As we glance from group to group in these layered scenes, we begin to see the flaws of each group reflected in every other. They are all conniving and egocentric, and the topsy-turviness of the whole setup is emphasized when a teacher observes that none of the trustees are listed in *Who's Who*, a mild honor that, we suppose, all the professors have achieved.

Education as Mr. Barr presents it—and remember, that is better than it actually is—turns out to be a dull ceremonial. Its rituals, from faculty meetings and classrooms to commencement exercises, are the spiritless mimicry of a culture that lacks respect for matters of the intellect but is ashamed to say so. One of the defeated characters in the book, a man who is chronically drunk when he is not trying to revise the curriculum, is "trying to figure out why French schools educate and American schools don't. He distinctly recalled that French schools did, but he could never remember why." The answer lies in our society. Because these are the schools we want, Mr. Barr implies, they are the schools we deserve.

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Second Impressions

Robert M. Wallace

WITH this column *The Nation* begins a regular monthly coverage of paperback reprint publishing. The field is now enormous, and growing fast, and the purpose here will be to select and group books in such a way as to give the reader a grasp of the distinguished work being made available.

The Russians

A THIRD paperback edition of Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* (Signet, 75c; others in Modern Library, 95c; abridged, Dell, 50c) is being published simultaneously with release of the movie. The Signet volume has a good introduction by Manuel Komroff, who also freshened the Constance Garnett translation.

Dostoevsky's other chief novels, *The Idiot* (95c), *Crime and Punishment* (95c), *The Devils* (*Possessed*) ($1.25), are in paperback—all in new translations by David Magarshack (Penguin); the complete *Crime and Punishment* is also in the Modern Library (95c), and an abridgment is due this month (Bantam, 50c).

Critical background to the novels is provided in *Dostoevsky* by Nicholas Berdyaev (translated by Donald Attwater, Living Age, $1.25) and *Freedom and the Tragic Life: A Study in Dostoevsky* by Vyacheslav Ivanov (foreword by Sir Maurice Bowra, Noonday, $1.45). Ivanov introduces an examination of Dostoevsky's "mystical realism" with a discussion of the "novel-tragedy" as the only art form adequate for expression of Dostoevsky's vision.

The Hedgehog and the Fox by Isaiah Berlin (Mentor, 35c), a study of Tolstoy's view of history, is an illuminating companion to *War and Peace* (Penguin, 2 vols., $3.50; abridged, Dell 50c, and Bantam, 75c). Also now available: *The Kreutzer Sonata* (Modern Library, 95c) and *Anna Karenin* (Penguin, $1.85).

Ivan Turgenev's *A Sportsman's Notebook* (Compass Books, $1.45), a profoundly, directly human book, should be better known. Its twenty-five sketches had a nostalgic origin in Turgenev's recollections of his feudal estate Spaskoye; a penitential origin, perhaps, in recollections of his mother's degrading treatment of the family's serfs. But *A Sportsman's Notebook* is without the sentiment or fanfare of its contemporary, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. What it says and even more urgently suggests is conclusive, "incendiary," as Emperor Alexander's advisers correctly warned him. Yet its tone is anecdotal, almost casual, tacitly skeptical in Turgenev's way.

The Captain's Daughter and Other Great Stories by Alexander Pushkin (Modern Library, 95c), contains a pleasant short novel and several shorter stories by the Byronic poet of the generation preceding Tolstoy, Turgenev and Dostoevsky.

Anthropology

A VARIED clutch of books in anthropology can now be found on the paperback racks. *The World of the Inca* by Bertrand Flornoy (translated by Winifred Bradford, Anchor, 95c) combines history and anthropology to recreate the life of the Incas before and after the Spanish conquest. There are many photographs and pen-and-ink sketches, and Flornoy has a gift for evocative detail. *Noa Noa* (translated by O. F. Theis, with an introduction by Alfred Werner, Noonday, $1.45) is Paul Gauguin's journal of his first "fragrant" escape to Tahiti. It says very little about painting, it marks no year of change, but it is a charming literary equivalent of the artist's Synthetism (his paintings are reproduced in *Gauguin,* Pocket Library of Great Art, 50c) and puts forth an amateur's account of Tahitian nature worship. This topic, incidentally, is discussed more professionally in *Primitive Religion* by Paul Radin (Dover, $1.85). Dr. Radin emphasizes the economic factor in aboriginal religions more than do most of his colleagues, but he covers the usual material thoroughly in a readable style. His *Primitive Man as Philosopher* (Dover, $2) adds an alternate interpretation to Gauguin's version of the Tahitian creation chant. Dr. Radin's contention that primitive philosophy is often subtle and complex is less revolutionary today than it was when he first published the book thirty years ago, but the new edition profits from an added chapter, "Methods of Approach." Here, among other things, Radin argues that all languages are adequate for philosophical statements.

This point is made more fully (and disinterestedly) in two important and engrossing books on linguistics, *Culture, Language and Personality* by Edward Sapir (University of California Press, $1.50) and *Language: A Modern Synthesis* by Joshua Whatmough (Mentor, 50c). Sapir, primarily an anthropologist, was one of those who formulated the positions of today's broadly-based linguistic study; Whatmough adopts, confirms and extends the procedures which have established linguistics as a science considerably different from nineteenth century philology.

Ancient World

The Roman Way to Western Civilization by Edith Hamilton (Mentor 50c), based on ancient literature and itself a literary accomplishment, creates a convincing picture of public and private life and shows how, in spite of early utility, "The old virtues were completely inadequate for the new day."

The Twelve Caesars by Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus (a new translation by Robert Graves, Penguin, 95c), was originally almost current history. It is still excellent reading, both because of Suetonius' style and because he recognized the historian's interpretive duties.

Etruscan Places by D. H. Lawrence (Compass Books, $1.25), is a personal record of Lawrence's visit to the Etruscan towns of central Italy, evoking Lawrence and an almost living shadow of a civilization, before later discoveries provided more substance to go on.

Miscellaneous

Modern Music, a Popular Guide by John Tasker Howard and James Lyon (Mentor, 50c), revised since the 1942 original, illustrates with musical quotations and explains, not so much recent music, as departures from convention, especially since Debussy.

Are Men Equal? An Inquiry into the Meaning of American Democracy by Henry Alonzo Myers (Great Seal Books, $1.45), traces the doctrine of equality through American history, relying heavily on literature, and concludes with the author's own estimate of "The Meaning of American Democracy."

Arms and Men: A Study in American Military History by Walter Millis (Mentor, 50c), traces and analyzes the technical, scientific and political developments of the last 175 years which have brought about the hypertrophy of the military establishment, befogged its function and obscured its shape as a social institution.

The Creation of the Universe by George Gamow (Mentor, 50c), the third volume of his cosmological trilogy, favors the hypothesis of a "beginning" universe and surveys knowledge of cosmogony clearly but without condescension. Profusely illustrated.

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MUSIC

Lester Trimble

ELEVEN years, almost to the day, after its last production of an American work, the Metropolitan Opera presented the world premiere of Samuel Barber's *Vanessa*. The venture was a handsome one and, in a professional sense, a thoroughgoing success. How it could have been otherwise, I don't know: the librettist, Gian-Carlo Menotti, whatever one thinks of the music in his own operas, has yet to make a major theatrical mistake, and Barber has long since proved himself an adept at the art of vocal writing and a sensitive composer with respect to languages. And yet, the proof of any pudding comes with the spoon. An opera is not just a solo song, and neither good prosody nor a fine libretto can guarantee a functioning musical drama. *Vanessa,* however, is just that. It lives; it moves; its characters and its scenes are credible, emotionally interesting, and memorable. Judging by my own reaction, and by that of the opening-night audience, I would say the work has every chance of remaining in the repertory for a long time. Withal, I have some reservations about it, which I shall go into shortly.

The story of *Vanessa* is simple and cleanly etched, a bit afflicted with *la luxe* and faded rose-petals, but a solid framework for a nostalgic, romantic opera. Vanessa, a Baroness in an unnamed northern country, has had a fruitless love affair, years before, and has returned to her palatial country home, shrouded all the mirrors, and settled down to a forbidding existence with her ancient mother, the Old Baroness, and her niece, Erika. When the curtain rises, she is momentarily expecting the return of her lover, and hoping for an end to her years of waiting. Anatol enters, and it is soon made evident that he is not her lover, but her lover's son. Anatol *père* has died, and the young man is out to marry a fortune. Either Vanessa or Erika will do. The latter he seduces and makes pregnant on the first night; the former he woos with ice-skating and other daytime diversions. In the end, having offered himself definitively, if cynically, to Erika, he is refused. He marries Vanessa and the two of them leave the country house forever. Erika reshrouds the mirrors and settles down for a reliving of her aunt's former life. Her final lines, if I remember correctly, are: "Now it is my turn to wait."

All of this, save the incredible, out-of-character ending, is firm operatic stuff. Vanessa is presented as a personality of unique and intriguing qualities. Erika, a bright-minded, modern girl, is immensely attractive and convincing as she operates, to her own disadvantage, between the cynicism represented by Anatol, and the egoistic romanticism embodied in Vanessa. Even the Old Baroness is interesting: she will speak to no one except Erika, and by opera's end, she has excluded Erika as well, for the girl has brought about a miscarriage of Anatol's child, an act which is anathema to the old lady.

DRAMATICALLY, then, *Vanessa* is more than extremely effective: it is engrossing enough to make the almost three and a half hours of its progress seem brief—briefer than most repertory operas of lesser duration. What, therefore, are my reservations?

Just these: I regret that Barber, despite the tastefulness and the meticulous professional polish of his music, was not able to present in it an individual personality. He avoided every cliché and vulgarism to which a composer with a conservative, eclectic idiom is laid open. But, on the other hand, he did not present a recognizable, personal style. Every measure of the music had a smooth, urbane gloss, but beneath the surface fumed the dynamisms of other composers. It is perfectly valid to ask the question, in a case like this, whether a contemporary composer dare seek a convincing idiom by probing the cracks and crannies of earlier, romantic styles. Deliberate eclecticism, as it exists in Stravinsky, seems a tenable premise, for there, by virtue of original genius, the composer is able (in most cases) to hold his chosen model up for viewing without weakening or contaminating the texture of his own thought. But the eclecticism which presents itself in so much of the contemporary American and British operatic output seems to be a product, not of such keen thinking and a fresh viewpoint, but of a conviction that if the composer just muddles around in the idioms of Puccini, Strauss, or Wagner—or even worse, in the no-idiom of the Broadway-Hollywood-folk-tune-classroom axis—sooner or later, by the simple accumulation of mileage and the passage of time, an original and dynamic language will appear. I do not believe that it will ever happen.

I should not forget to mention that the production of *Vanessa* was as staggeringly luxurious as anything the Metropolitan has done. The sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton could not have been more opulent; the cast could not have been more elegantly directed in their stage deportment (Menotti staged the work); nor could they have sung more tellingly. Eleanor Steber, as Vanessa, was a veritable, heaving dynamo, and the other members of the cast, Rosalind Elias, Regina Resnik, Nicolai Gedda, Giorgio Tozzi, George Cehanovsky and Robert Nagy, were every inch up to her in quality. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted and, as he loves to do with a new score, dug deeply into it and sent fireworks shooting high.

UPTOWN, on 55th Street, the New York City Ballet, in the last few days of its season, gave the premieres of two more Balanchine ballets: *Gounod Symphony* and *Stars and Stripes*. The first of these employed as music Gounod's execrably weak *First Symphony;* the latter had a score deftly whipped together by Hershy Kay from march tunes and melodies by John Philip Sousa. Each was, in its own way, quite fascinating.

For *Gounod Symphony,* Balanchine summoned on stage a huge corps of dancers; so huge, indeed, that I wonder whether he was thinking of the City Center stage as he choreographed, or of some large platforms that the company may encounter in their coming overseas tour. Basically, his point of departure was the 19th century, and Karinska's costuming emphasized this to such an extent that the dancers seemed less like human beings than like tinted sea-foam, wafting here and there in elegant phrases, or lining up in sweetly poised, static borders. Behind and around them hung the darkly green and heavy sets originally designed for *Lilac Garden.* Possibly they were used for reasons of economy, but their choice was unfortunate. For, in addition to making Karinska's over-sweet costumes seem downright cloying, they drastically diminished the impression of visual space just when space was at a premium. Regardless of this, however, the fetching qualities of *Gounod Symphony* were on view. They did not, as one first supposed, make the ballet a piece of immediate or "easy" appeal. Like most Balanchine creations, it had a hard core of original, inventive thought, and its almost passive emphasis upon pose, the fluctuation between staticity and movement, did not make it quite the bon-bon that the costumes made it seem.

In *Stars and Stripes,* Balanchine again loaded the stage, this time with corps

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of uniformed bandsmen and their counterparts, majorettes. Everybody marched, high stepping and high kicking like the Rockettes; jocular salutes were flung about like handfuls of pennies; ranks leaped high and explosively through opposing ranks. And, at the end, while virtuosity still ran rampant, unexhausted, what should rise up behind the company but the biggest, gaudiest, wavingest American flag you ever have seen! In one of the *Campaigns* into which the ballet was divided, Melissa Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise were given a *pas de deux*, classical in form, breathtaking in its difficulty and brilliance, and downright touching in its healthy-chested, strutting, self-confidence. Without doubt, the duet of *Liberty Bell(e)* and *El Capitan* is the ballet's high point. But the whole of *Stars and Stripes* is a marvelously inspired spoof. Heaven help the fair name of the United States, though, if it is taken seriously abroad.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

WILLIAM GIBSON'S *Two for the Seesaw* (Booth) is one of those simple, pleasant plays that obviously belong in the theatre, since they are almost always highly popular. They are the bestsellers of the contempory stage. No one should cavil at their success. But, I confess with some reluctance, they interest me very little.

The play's sentimental subject holds the seed of a serious theme: this makes it "respectable." A lawyer from Omaha has left his wife because he harbors the feeling that he had been "bought" by her family, that life had been made too easy for him by his well-placed father-in-law. We are told very little else about this marriage—except that the wife is about to marry a more grateful groom. Lonely and wretched in New York, the Nebraska lawyer picks up a little Bronx girl who suffers from ulcers and frequent unemployment. She is a sweet waif, with pathetic ambition as a dancer, sustaining her life through affairs in which she is generous hostess to unworthy males.

The lawyer takes up with this girl, seems to be seriously in love with her (he assures her that she is a "gift"), tries to "straighten her out"—though she is on the whole a far more substantial person than he—is tempted to marry her but finally returns to his wife whom he presumably still loves. The little liaison has perhaps saved his life and, I hope, taught the girl that lawyers from Omaha are no more reliable than bums from the Bronx.

If my account of the play's plot has a certain facetious slant, it is because there is little more to the play beyond what I have noted except a series of gags—some of them cute, some of them funny—all of them as "typical" as the story itself. The play, in short, is a conventional tale without real characters, cemented by jokes and that sense of recognition which is the recognition of clichés and thus supposed by many playgoers to represent a modest realism.

The one positive value in the play is the discovery of a charming actress, Anne Bancroft. I say this although her characterization of the Jewish girl from the Bronx is far too insistently and constantly characterized. The intonations are right, but such a girl should not be all intonation. I once saw a performance of an American businessman by an English actor in London which I described to my English guest at the show as having the accent of all our forty-eight states. Miss Bancroft, who, besides possessing a touching and lovable personality, really can act, plays her part as if she contained the Bronx in every fiber—which is false.

Henry Fonda is always effective in parts like the Nebraskan of this play, because he is relaxed, concentrated, efficient and honest in the sense that he never does more than is needed and is thus able to suggest more humanity than is present in the writing.

The play is a hit and will run for a long time, not only on Broadway but in every stock company and summer theatre all over the country for years to come.

ART

Maurice Grosser

KNOEDLER'S has on display until February 8 one of the finest exhibitions to be seen here in several years—the principal part of the collection from Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum. This exhibition is being run as a benefit for the museum. A portion of the show will later be sent to the Ringling Museum in Sarasota for a memorial exhibit in honor of its former director, the late A. Everett Austin, Jr. It was during Austin's directorship at the Atheneum that the major part of these works was acquired.

Austin was a man of taste in the 18th century sense of the word. He knew not only what to admire but how to buy, and whether he bought for himself or for his museum, it was to get something he himself valued and desired. Museums and collectors are often tempted to purchase relatively uninteresting pieces because of their educational value as characteristic works, or their investment value as rarities. Austin never was. His pleasure lay in buying pictures, not adding names. He chose what he considered the best, not the most expensive or the most characteristic examples, so that his acquisitions, valuable as they may be as names, have even greater intrinsic value.

Half of the forty-two pictures on show were Austin's purchase. Most of the rest were acquired by Charles Cunningham, the museum's present director, with an equal discernment and in the same spirit. They range from Piero di Cosimo (a mythological subject) to Loren McIver (a front view of a taxi in the rain). There is a monumental and melting *St. Catherine* of Bernardino Strozzi with the most luscious paint, and an equally luscious portrait by Salvador

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Rosa of his mistress as a Sibyl; two *Piazzetta San Marcos* of Guardi, one the sketch, the other the painting done after it; a moving and realistic Zurbaran of *St. Serapion* fainting in chains; a fine Rembrandt of a young man, probably his son Titus; and a wonderful, small, *Boy with a Hat* by Sweerts; a Goya, in his best decorative manner, of two women conversing; one of the finest Copleys I have ever seen—a *Mrs Fort*—kind, intelligent, distinguished, like a Chinese goddess of good manners; a Harnett in the richest Victorian color of a dueling pistol and a news clipping; an early Whistler, a *Coast of Brittany*, in an unexpected style and unchanged colors; a Monet of the boardwalk at Trouville; a very touching Toulouse-Lautrec of Jane Avril walking home from the Moulin Rouge after work; a witty Miro and a good Klee. Nor is this all of them. Everything is in admirable condition and if there is an inferior picture in the lot I could not find it. Altogether it is probably the finest collection any of the smaller American museums possesses today.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

ON THE screen, *Bonjour Tristesse* assumes a stature of decadence that it did not have, for me at least, in the novel. Perhaps deliberately, it looks like a picture about people who destroy themselves by imitating Hollywood's notion of fashionable behavior. In this context the technicolor Riviera sunshine, the grease-paint tans, the *Playboy* costumes, the arrogant bad manners and the attenuated, twitching sexiness become morbidly appropriate. I suspect that director Otto Preminger means us to find these people sad and charming; fortunately for his art, he has turned out a pack of unimportant but genuine monsters.

David Niven, an actor so specious that he never seems to throw a shadow, fits effortlessly into the part of an aging seducer who protects his fear of impotence behind an incestuous chumminess with his daughter. His inability to project more than a smile and a good tailor becomes here the essence of characterization. Jean Seberg, who was entirely lost as Shaw's St. Joan, is entirely at home as a girl frozen by the debauchery of her elders. She moves as though imitating her director's off-camera gestures—and very likely that is just what she is doing. But it is also what Mlle. Sagan's heroine would do. Deborah Kerr, as the "good" woman who threatens the pasteboard decadence of the other two, is the shocking flesh and blood of the movie. She is a much more ponderable actor, and she conveys enough integrity to sustain a neurosis. Of course the imponderable wraiths destroy her.

By taking *Bonjour Tristesse* quite seriously, by giving it all the glamor that Hollywood conceives of as romance, Columbia Pictures has turned out a fable on the rewards of phoniness.

THE GATES OF PARIS is a gentle tragi-comedy, one of those brooding "neighborhood" tales that breathes out the smell of Paris. It tells of how two local ne'er-do-wells—a misanthropic ballad singer and the bibulous big-baby son of an old crone dealing in second-hand clothes—hide a dangerous, Yankee-style gunman in a cellar. Not that they admire criminals or find this specimen particularly appealing, but because his momentary helplessness feeds their desire to be of some use to someone. His presence is romantic and threatening, it breaks the boredom of shiftlessness. Unfortunately, the classy gunman is also authentically nasty, and when the daughter of the café owner becomes a part of the conspiracy, the game turns dark and tragedy brushes these innocents.

This is very well performed in the sentimental realist manner that is now a recognized French movie style. Pierre Brasseur and Georges Brassens are a witty pair of scapegraces, Dany Carrel is sweetly spicy, Henri Vidal is a cold fish with teeth.

René Clair directed the picture with perfect control of the whimsicality and small, exact embellishments that make the style so appealing to yearning Francophiles. It seems too bad, though, that Clair should now bother to do what so many directors can do about as well. The man who could create the wild, surrealist wit and the satiric bite of *Le Million* and *A Nous La Liberté* should not be following so easily the familiar path of *The Baker's Wife*.

THERE has been such a lot of leering talk about the exceeding Frenchiness of the Swedish *Smiles of a Summer Night* that I decided I might be missing something roguish and went to have a look. I'm afraid the Swedish recipe for naughty capers is a little heavy for my taste. The plot here is so complex that you have to parse it and the characters keep interrupting their transports to offer monologue parodies of German philosophy. The picture does abound in buxom girls who are rarely caught with all their clothes buttoned and the manufacturers of the story have certainly seen a great many turn-of-century French farces. But the point of view, with its tony conversation and tonier décor, has moved from the drawing room to the pantry, and wit is more than the spoofing of platitudes (if that is what the Swedes are doing).

Nursery Story: Modern Version

Children learn the first lesson of fear in the night,
Hearing the clock talk as though to itself,
The lost birds crying under the shelter of branches,
The drip-drip of a water-tap, and something moving,
That could be alive like a rat or a mouse,
But inhabits the dark without reason.

Islanded in the night, the young and the sleepless hear
The slight edge of the curtain twitching and shifting
And rubbing the dark, the murmur of walls
Where dimensions are hidden, and suddenly fear
This absence of clear light, and the family of objects
That can be touched by a finger:

Golliwog with gross eyes dead in a corner,
Jack in the Box who murdered Jack Horner,
Cinderella betrayed by the giant ogre,
Sinbad the Sailor with the great Roc on his back,
Stridently calling, and Tom the Piper's son
Fleeing in fear from a grotesque father.

JOHN MONTAGUE

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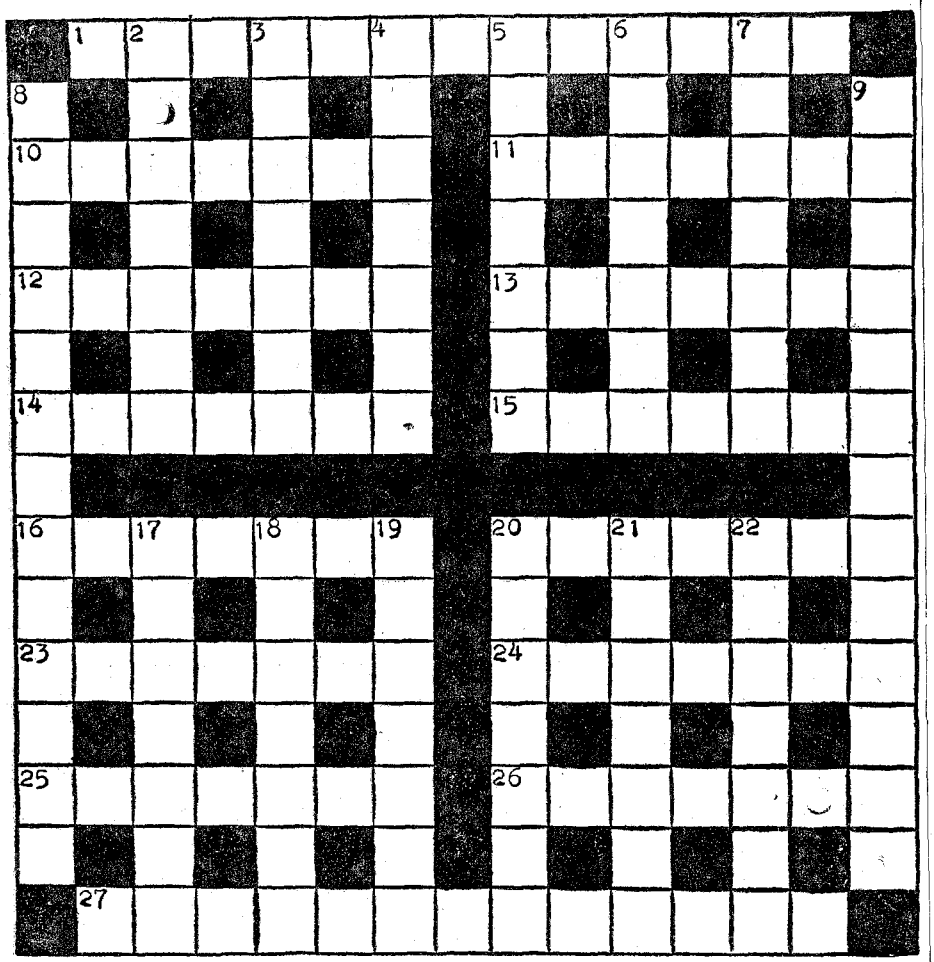
Crossword Puzzle No. 757

By FRANK W. LEWIS



1 Used to be applied to tar, but could be anti-sectional. (3-1-4-5)
10 This month, correspondingly, everything is put in. (7)
11 Nothing packaged could be so funny! (7)
12 Refrigerated grain? It crowns the composition. (7)
13 He came back in just less than a hundred with a trophy. (7)
14 O. Henry was surprising in these. (7)
15 Importune a debtor gone wrong in prison. (7)
16 People who return help in hotels? (7)
20 Censure concerning the strength of spirit. (7)
23 His appraisal is critical. (7)
24 Corrosive. (7)
25 To get 4 down in reverse is on bond. (7)
26 A task for the atomic physics queen of 1958? (7)
27 Can't get around the spirit every individual makes blameless. (13)

DOWN:

2 Convinced the source is 27? (7)
3 Speech found in Ontario. (7)
4 Well, you certainly shouldn't have one! (7)
5 Got out of 15, perhaps. (7)
6 It's not exactly fair to be able to seem like Scipio, for example. (7)
7 A long time in the ranks for such a reputedly noble qualification. (7)
8 The record shows a Communist following with the first person on board hardly 27. (13)
9 Scarcely worthwhile in a trace, assuming I have an inclination to make it. (13)
17 Several hundred look on India's disturbance with scorn. (7)
18 Sometimes sweet, but related to mustard. (7)
19 Small hand pump. (7)
20 Like grapes, this is a sort of something pertaining to pottery. (7)
21 Not where hydrocyanic acid comes from. (7)
22 How one might have appliances delivered where Mary Dugan was. (2, 5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 756

ACROSS: 1 BATHING CAP; 6 and 8 STUBBLED; 10 MONITOR; 11 AUSTERE; 12 CENTRAL AMERICA; 14 AUSTRIAN; 15 ENMESH; 16 ENTITY; 18 TEAMSTER; 22 TAUTOLOGICALLY; 24 TAPIOCA; 25 RELATER; 27 SIDE BY SIDE; DOWN: 1 BOMB CRATER; 2 TENANTS; 3 INTERPRETATION; 4 GORILLA; 5 ALARMS; 7 TREACLE; 9 ASTRONOMICALLY; 13 CHERRY TREE; 17 TRAPPER; 19 ENGORGE; 20 TOLSTOI; 21 ALKALI; 23 and 26 STUBBORN.

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